and managed somehow to hide in a corner, the lumps of brick and mortar began to pour in like hail-stones from above. Just at this juncture, as matters took more and more serious turn, one of our European Warders came to my rescue, opening the door cf my cell and letting me out. Something very striking about him attracted my notice at that time. His name was G. A Brady, and I should like to say a few words in this connection, before I proceed any further with Tambi Paiyan's story. Many of my readers perhaps know that the human brain is supposed to emit a peculiar kind of light, known to scientists as the **N** Rays, a sort of phosphorescent radiation resulting from the thought currents that agitate the brain cells. There is also a peculiar kind of radiance or halo that many of us might have noticed in connection with the holy personages or saints, if we had the chance to meet any in our lives. But all those could in no way compare with what I saw at that time. When Mr. Brady came to open the door of my room, such

was the peculiar effulgence that radiated from all over his person, that he appeared almost like a second light by the side of the one that he held